

THE SCIENCE OF BOMBOLGY.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. SIMS.

"It is estimated that at the present moment there must be many hundreds of bombs—if not thousands—in Russia alone. They are about the size of an orange, and they were at first—until the authorities awoke to the fact—imported into Russia inside oranges, the contents of the fruit having been, of course, carefully removed. Most people who have lived any time in Russia know all about these bombs, and it is not difficult to secure an opportunity of handling them when once one is in the confidence of the possessor. For the most part they are kept under lock and key—ready for emergencies. Owing to the drastic nature of the Explosives Act in this country, great secrecy has to be observed in the manufacture of bombs. An official who has had much to do with hunting down Anarchists informed a *Daily Mail* representative that it takes place sometimes in sedate suburban villas. The shells are usually obtained from the Continent, and the filling in is quite noiseless."

Slightly perturbed by these ominous statements a representative of *Mr. Punch* called on Mr. G. R. Sims for further information on the subject.

"Yes," said the great criminologist with a pathetic sigh as he ran his fingers through his luxuriant *chevelure*, "it is all too true. If the writer has erred at all it is on the side of understatement. One half of the world does not know how the other half lives, or to put it in other words very few people really know how their next-door neighbour lives. The strange, the weird, the romantic may be found at every turn of the great maze of mystery which is called London. A friend and *confrère* of mine had a cook-housekeeper—a middle-aged woman whose smiling good humour made her a general favourite. But no," he broke off suddenly, "it is too awful. Suffice it to say that that woman, whose smile was a mask she wore to impose on society, habitually danced the Tarantella in the back-scullery. Her name was really MARCOVITCH. She was a cousin of General KUBOPATKIN, and had escaped from Siberia in a captive balloon. But the mysteries of London do not confine themselves to any one quarter or to any one class. There are mysteries in the lordly mansions of the West that make wealth a mockery and rank a disaster; and the manufacture of the nefarious weapons of anarchy is carried on with the greatest activity in the most unexpected quarters. Only the other day a Bishop was expelled from the Atheneum Club for having placed an infernal machine in the hat of a well-known member of the Royal Society. I name no names; I merely speak of what I know."



CONCLUSIVE.

Grandpa. "SO YOU THINK DREAMS COME TRUE, DO YOU?"

Norah. "OH, YES. WHY, THE OTHER NIGHT I DREAMT I'D BEEN TO THE ZOO—AND I HAD!"

"Have you ever handled a bomb?"

"Repeatedly," replied Mr. Sims, as he gracefully adjusted the order of St. Olaf, which in the fervour of his recital had slipped under his right ear. "I may say that I have been familiar with them from the cradle. As the writer of the *Daily Mail* article observes, they are smuggled into Russia in the guise of oranges. In London, especially in the Tottenham Court Road, the favourite receptacle is a beefsteak pie in which the bomb is wrapped up in grease-proof paper. But, just as one man's meat is another man's poison, some Londoners—including myself—have grown immune to bombs and can absorb, assimilate, and even digest them with impunity. Not all Londoners, however, have such iron constitutions. For instance, a friend of mine—a bath-chair proprietor with whom in bygone years it was my privilege to be associated—had a daughter, a charming and lovely girl of eighteen. She had no love affair or trouble of any kind. One winter evening about seven o'clock her mother, a splendidly handsome matron with an aquiline profile, feeling unaccountably hungry, sent her daughter into an adjoining street to buy a beef-steak pie. The girl went out with a shilling or two in her pocket, but she never came back. From that hour to this—an interval of seventeen years—no living soul who knew that beautiful girl has ever set eyes on her again. The mother, however, is still living and as handsome as ever. A little while ago I had a letter from her, 'The mystery of my daughter's fate,' she wrote, 'is still wrapped in impenetrable mystery.'"

"Is it true that sedate suburban villas are specially affected by revolutionaries?"

"Perfectly. Wherever you see a villa, you may suspect a villain. We shudder at *Caliban* when we see him on the stage, and we tremble for *Miranda*. Talk of '*Caliban upon Setebos*'—on a City bus would be nearer the dread reality. There are dozens of *Calibans* in London, and they all inhabit suburban villas, generally semi-detached. Most curates are morphinomaniacs. Homicide is endemic among pianoforte-tuners. Churchwardens habitually carry stilettos, and the poisoning habit is nowhere so rife as amongst the Governors of the Bank of England. I knew a charming man—a spiritual peer, to be precise—who came to me in the ordinary way about a theatrical matter. He had written a pantomime—I have the book of the words to this day—and he was about to write a comic opera. But the hasty criticism of a friend annoyed him, and after shooting a rural dean, and burning down a Free Library, he fled to Tierra del Fuego and is now chief of a cannibal tribe. But he never wrote the comic opera."

With these momentous words Mr. Sims shook us warmly by the hand, and with our curiosity titillated rather than fully appeased we parted reluctantly from the great mysteriographer of the metropolis.

The Yorkshire Evening Post announces that a salmon-trout caught at Coanwood was found to have swallowed a door-key. Taken out of a loch, we presume.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is a type of humour (which for some reason or other I associate with Balham) that indulges itself by talking familiarly of "J. CÆsar, Esq.," and putting up-to-date expressions in the mouths of ADAM and EVE. Mr. J. HENRY HARRIS, the author of *Cornish Saints and Sinners*, has the Balham touch in places. Witness his new version of *Launcelot* and *Gwenvere*: "The King was a busy man, and when things were going on used to say to *Launcelot*, a sort of aide-de-camp in chief, 'Just you look after the Queen at the Royal Footballers this afternoon,' or 'Give her a turn at golf.' This suited *Launcelot* down to the ground, and, having a nice tenor voice, he was wont to sing, 'Meet me in the Garden.'" Now many people (and I confess I am one of them) resent this sort of thing as an intrusion; and they will regret that the illustrator, Mr. RAVEN-HILL, should have been an accessory after the fact with a picture of the Queen and *Launcelot* in a hammock smoking cigarettes. All this may seem a small matter; but I mention it because when Mr. HARRIS forgets that there is such a place as Balham he is entirely delightful; and he and Mr. RAVEN-HILL between them turn out a very fascinating book. (I would mention particularly a charming picture of "Princess OLWEN being turned into a bramble" as an example of Mr. RAVEN-HILL's art.) When Mr. JOHN LANE decided to publish this book he should have come to some arrangement with the Great Western Railway. For everyone who reads it will want to go to Cornwall, and everyone who goes to Cornwall would be wise to read it. I have just finished it, and I start for Falmouth to-morrow (probably). I think Mr. LANE should have his 10% of the third return, the dog ticket, and the ham sandwich at Bath.

ALLEN RAINES has annexed the Principality to the domain of romance. Before she took pen in hand Wales had many bards, but, as far as English readers are concerned, no story-teller. ALLEN RAINES knows Wales, its skies, its rivers, its hills, above all, its people. They are exclusively of the farming or shop-keeping class, shrewd in their business transactions, highly emotional in religious aspect. In *The Queen of Rushes* (HUTCHINSON), ALLEN RAINES does not scruple to bring on the scene in his proper name the evangelist who most lately swayed the Celtic soul. There are graphic pictures of revival services, with EVAN ROBERTS in the pulpit, waiting till the Spirit moves him to speak. (By the way, what has become of this spiritual meteor?) *Gwenifer*, stricken dumb in childhood at sight of her drowning mother, is a sweet character, artfully contrasted with the self-willed *Gildas*, whom she, for a long time without hope, secretly loves. It is a tale of the every-day life of commonplace people, the hand of genius stirring it with touch of tragedy. A flaw, slight but persistent, is the dashing of conversation with Welsh phrases. "*Dear anell!*" "*merchi-i,*" and even "*ach-y-fy,*" are doubtless pointed sayings; but reiteration induces weariness. The book is full of dainty touches of description of moorland and sea, where the apples in the orchard, the blackberries on the

hedges, the odour of the sea-breeze, add sweetness to the subtle fragrance of the crisp, fresh air.

Anthony Britten, by HERBERT MACILWAINE (CONSTABLE), is one of those irritating stories in which commonplace people think uninteresting thoughts and perform ordinary acts in the hazy atmosphere of a dream. Now and then they pop out, get their vague thinking described for them by the author in what for want of a better word I must describe as sham Meredith, and then without rhyme or reason fall back again into the dream-darkness from which, for no discoverable purpose, they had temporarily emerged. The language of the book is pitched high, and its effect is to impress the reader with a baffled sense of the importance of incidents which have no special value of any kind. The style is in fashion, for it is not a difficult style, and in most cases it serves to disguise poverty of plot, looseness of construction, and dearth of any real human interest capable of being worked up into a genuine crisis.

The "Pope" of Holland House, edited by Lady SEYMOUR (FISHER UNWIN), is a nice fat book, tastefully produced. The "Pope" was JOHN WHISHAW, who gained the nickname by the extreme confidence with which he expressed his opinions. If we may judge by his letters, the opinions themselves were ordinary enough, and anybody else might have expressed them with equal assurance and without risk of contradiction. JOHN WHISHAW was the intimate of all the big nobles of the Whig party from the end of the eighteenth until well into the nineteenth century, but his letters are of a disappointing baldness. Still, though its contents do not specially appeal to me, I have no hesitation in repeating that this is a nice fat book.

In Woman and the Motor Car (APPLETON) Mrs. ARIA attempts, not unsuccessfully, to bring down motoring to what she supposes to be the level of a woman's intelligence. It is a skittish book, but not altogether unattractive. At the same time my earnest hope is that no additional woman will feel herself impelled by its perusal to take charge of the driving of a motor. There is in all our world of terrifying sights none more terrifying than a powerful car driven by a smiling, incompetent, careless lady; and at the risk of alienating the sex I hereby declare that they are all smiling, incompetent, and careless. Let them shine in their dress and continue to admire the panels and the cushioning of the car's body, but, as they value their safety and ours, let them abstain from interference with pedals, brakes and levers, and, above all, with the steering-wheel.

THEIR'S NOT TO REASON WHY!

UNQUESTIONING Obedience is the first lesson that the naval man has to learn. A member of the crew of H.M.S. Montagu has been explaining the catastrophe to a representative of the Press. He says, "We left Portland in clear weather with instructions to proceed to the Bristol Channel in readiness for manoeuvres and to keep in touch with Lundy Island." The italics are by Mr. Punch; the way in which the orders were carried out was Another's.



Our Sergeant. "IT'S VERY LUCKY FOR YOU AS I AIN'T QUITE CERTAIN 'OW TO SPELL INSURDINATION, ELSE I'D BLOOMIN' WELL REPORT YOU FOR IT!"

"INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION."

(A volume entitled "Plato and the Criticism of Life," by Emil Reich, has just appeared.)

For three-and-twenty centuries,
Though 'mid immortals numbered,
PLATO, submerged by sophistries,
In deep oblivion slumbered.
Professors, "learnedly inane,"
Their own pet doctrines preaching,
While purporting to make him plain
Obscured his real teaching.

At last there dawned a brighter day,
When Mayfair, blocked with carriages,
Found out the true and only way
With Doctor REICH at Claridge's.

That Spanish dancing is inspired ;
That temperance is narrow ;
That no improvements are required
At Eton or at Harrow ;
That EMMA, not Trafalgar, made
The name of NELSON glorious ;
That bus-conducting is a trade
Exalting though laborious ;
That Germany is overfed ;
That care besets the wealthy ;
That as a rule we stay in bed
Far longer than is healthy ;

That heroes in their early days
Have need of endless kisses ;
That BACH, though meriting high praise,
MASCAGNI's fervour misses ;
That Dr. EMIL REICH foretold
The coming of MARCONI ;
That LITTRÉ, overworked and old,
Grew very thin and bony ;
That RAPHAEL's Platonic bent
Is mirrored in his pictures ;
That some Americans resent
Our author's candid strictures—

These are the striking truths that we,
The heirs of all the ages,
Have now been privileged to see
Enshrined in PLATO's pages.
How wondrous simple in his lore
By Doctor REICH expounded !
How strange that nobody before
Such shallow waters sounded !
Oh, if the ancient adage stands—
Laudari a laudato,

What must we say when REICH expands
In eulogy of PLATO ?

P.S. All who instruction need
In Dr. REICH's omniscient screed
Can purchase the whole bag of tricks
(CHAPMAN AND HALL) for ten-and-six.

MEN OF MARK**AND THE BOOKS THAT MADE THEM.**

SEVERAL of the Labour members have replied to the query of the Editor of *The Review of Reviews* as to what books they found most useful in their early days. Mr. KEIR HARDIE in particular specifies "his mother's songs," and tales of his grandmother, whose father was out in the '45." We are glad to be able to supplement the enterprise of

**A FIRST ESSAY IN HOUSEKEEPING.**

Mr. Jones. "WHAT IS IT, MY PET?"

Mrs. J. "THIS RABBIT—(sob)—I'VE BEEN PLUCKING IT—(sob)—ALL THE AFTERNOON, AND IT ISN'T HALF DONE YET!"

our contemporary with the subjoined further list of eminent readers and their literary and musical stepping-stones to greatness.

Mr. JOHN BURNS: His grandmother's stories, in return for which he lectured his venerable relation on oology and nutrition. His grandfather's songs, especially "Hickory, Dickory, Dock Strike."

Mr. WILL CROOKS: COWPER'S poems, especially "The Poplar Field." The early works of BURNS. *Yarrow Revisited.*

Mr. A. J. BALFOUR: His uncle's songs. "Cicero de Schenectady." "Count Bunker." Lord BRASSEY'S Annual. The *Commentaries* of PROFESSOR DRIVER.

Sir OLIVER LODGE: *Childe Harold*, edited by Mr. BEGGIE. *Oliver Twist*. *The Song of Roland*.

Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY: *Cæsar de Bello Gallico*. The Lives of CATALANI and PERSIANI. CEEASY'S *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*. TENNYSON'S *Form, Riflemen, Form!* *The Natural History of Kilkenny*.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE FEMININE HANDKERCHIEF.

This study might perhaps begin and end with the statement that there is no such thing as a feminine handkerchief. I desire, however, in the present critical condition of the relations between men and women, as exemplified in the House of Commons and Trafalgar Square, to be perfectly and even generously fair to the sex. I declare, therefore, that every woman possesses and wields, not perhaps a handkerchief in the full masculine acceptation of the term, but a something which is supposed to play the part of a handkerchief and to serve such purposes as are ordinarily served by a handkerchief. Having thus disposed of the general question I will proceed to a definition.

The feminine handkerchief is, like all others, rectangular, and varies in size from two inches to three inches square. It is mainly composed of lace and is in part studded with embroidery representing minute leaves and flowers. From this description it will be obvious that if there is one purpose in the whole range of possibilities for which this article is not intended it is the mitigation of a cold by the blowing of a nose.

The result of inquiries made by competent investigators into this subject falls into two classes. One set holds that this queer little patch of lace is primarily intended by its owner for the decoration of rooms and passages and staircases; for innumerable examples of it are to be found about a house wherever a woman may have passed in the discharge of her benevolent housekeeping activities. One will probably be picked from the drawing-room sofa, two from the table in the hall, one from a chair in the breakfast-room, and two or three from the passage leading to the kitchen, or from the kitchen floor itself. There must be some object in this lavish distribution of samples, and it is supposed, as I say, that a vague desire for decoration is at the bottom of it.

Another school, however, believes that this scattering is in some mysterious way connected with the eternal warfare waged by woman against man. The seemingly casual handkerchiefs lying about a house are not in reality aimless. They are, it is asserted, part of a code of signals understood by all women and intended to point out meeting-places where man's overthrow may be discussed, and to suggest devices by which his humiliation may be accomplished. There is, it is true, a third explanation, that of mere light-hearted carelessness and untidiness produced by the absence or inaccessibility of the feminine pocket, but I prefer not to accept this, for it is an easy explanation, and by the canons of criticism the easy explanation must always be rejected.

When a woman goes out either for an ordinary walk or on one of her shopping adventures she generally carries her handkerchief in a little leather bag lightly suspended by a gilded chain from her belt or her hand. The contents of this bag are miscellaneous and, in relation to its apparent size, incredible. The handkerchief is always the bottom article, and I have known the bag to contain in addition a novel, a fishmonger's account book, three lead pencils (all without points), a book of addresses, a scent-bottle, a vinaigrette, a button-hook, a shoe-horn, a box of lozenges, a small brush and comb, a needle-case, a box of safety pins, a dozen telegram-forms, a purse stuffed with coppers and threepenny bits, a card-case, two rolls of ribbon, a pair of gloves, seven letters (unstamped), a child's doll, and a railway ticket. The peculiarity of this bag of Pandora is that whenever the railway ticket is wanted the handkerchief protrudes itself, and when the handkerchief is sought the railway ticket becomes exclusively prominent.

What becomes of the Feminine Handkerchief when its period of active service is past? The question has often been asked and never satisfactorily answered. It vanishes

like the snows of yester year and goes silently into the limbo of forgotten things. One thing I know: if I had as many sovereigns as the number of handkerchiefs possessed by an average woman I should become a landed proprietor, and oppose with bitterness all suggestions for a graduated income-tax.

THE COMPLETE POTTERER.

("Life was given us to potter in."—*Vanity Fair*.)

LET JONES, if he's so minded, fly to catch the early train,
And hurry to worry and City cares again;
Let JOHNSON bolt the lightning lunch let SMITH and BROWN
delight
To hustle and bustle through morning, noon, and night!

For me the life of idleness, the book

By the brook,

For me the pensive angle and the hook,

The rushes, the thrushes,

The lambkin on the lea—

The pleasure of leisure

For me!

JONES builds a princely palace on an acre of Park Lane;
He's in it a minute, then rushes off again;
He owns a Tudor mansion on a rolling Sussex down;
He gets there and frets there, then motors back to town.

He sighs to see Threadneedle Street, and longs

For the throngs

Who deal in mining ventures or Hongkongs;

He hankers for bankers—

For nothing else he cares

But scrambling and gambling

In shares.

When I behold the lunatics who lead the strenuous life,
I pity the City with all its fevered strife;
I dream of going forth to preach the creed that I profess
And saving the raving by Leagues of Idleness.

But if I had so great a cause, I know

I should grow

More strenuous than any one, and so

I'll dangle my angle.

As for the eager gang—

Let whoso will do so

Go hang!

OUR PILLAR BOX.

(Replies in brief.)

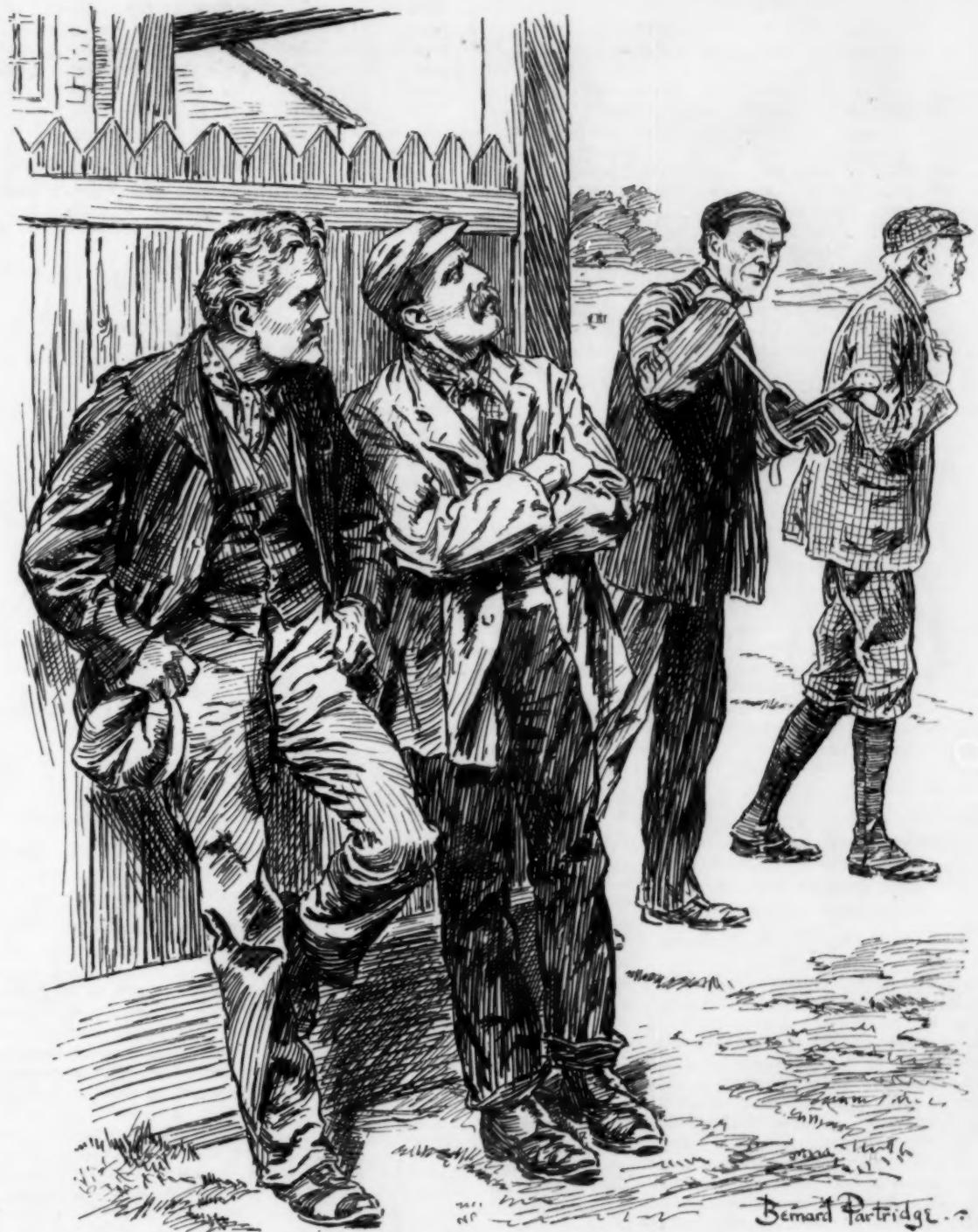
Cure for sea-sickness.—The only certain cure for this terrible malady that we know of is to go for an hour's walk five minutes before the boat starts.

To clean black kids.—Proceed in exactly the same way as you would with white kids, only do not try to persuade yourself that the black will come off, because it won't. They were born like that.

Simple headache cure.—Take a pound of black pepper, and to this add a little flour, a raw egg, and a pinch of salt. Make into a paste, put into a bath towel, and tie it tightly round the neck. Leave it there till the headache goes of its own accord.

Etiquette of cards.—When leaving cards, do not thrust them under the door or throw them casually down the area, but ring the bell and hand them to the servant. The cards, of course, should contain no advertising matter.

Hygienic boots.—You have been misinformed; brown boots with separate divisions for each toe are not being worn in London this season.



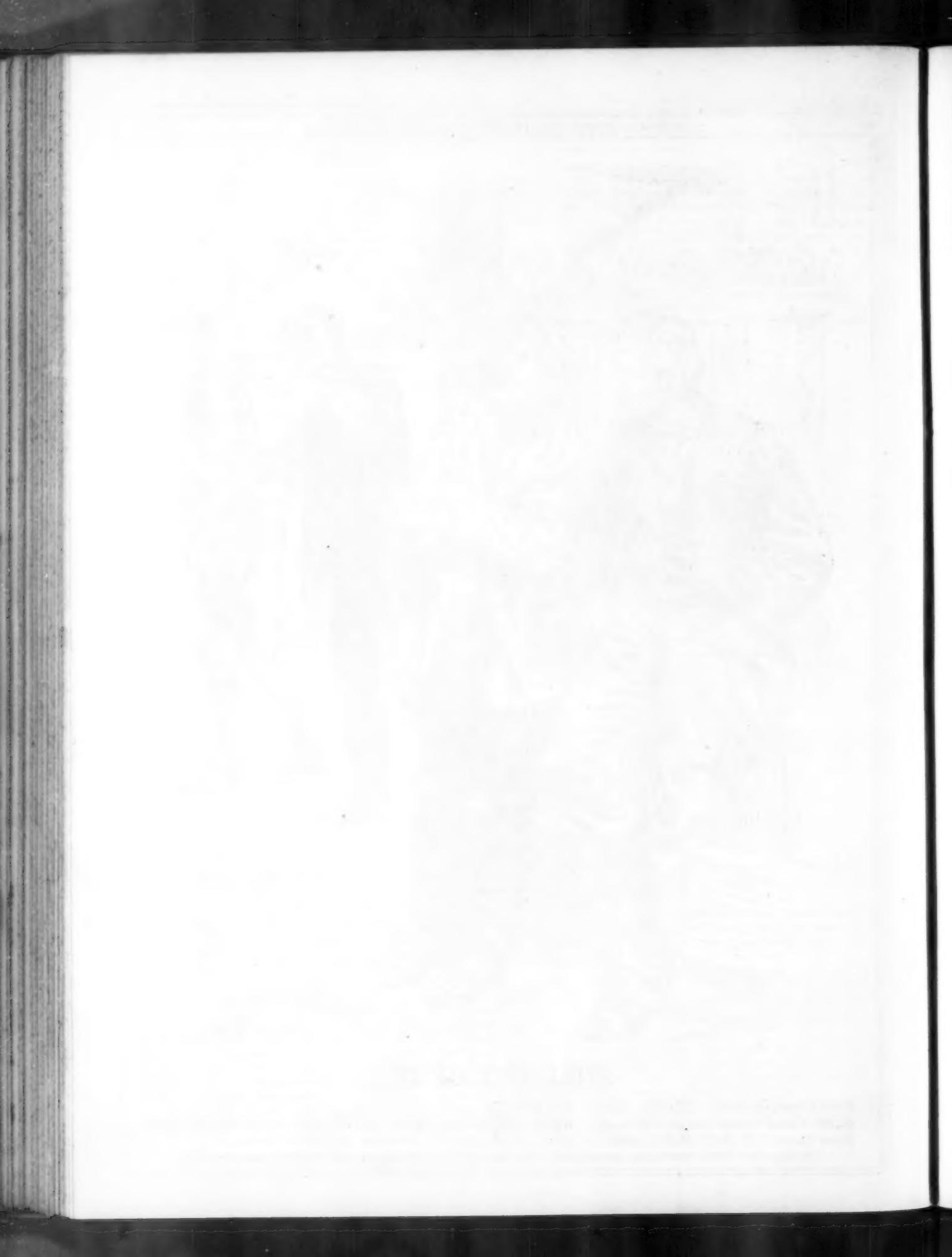
STILL OUT OF IT.

FIRST CADDIE (Br-dr-ce). "YOUNG ALF'S IN LUCK!"

SECOND CADDIE (G-r-l'd B-lf-r). "YUS—AN' WHEN THERE'S OTHERS EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS 'IM!'"

FIRST CADDIE. "IF NOT MORE SO!"

[The Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton has been elected to fill the vacancy in the representation of St. George's, Hanover Square.]





OUR HORSELESS RIDERS.

"GOIN' EASY, WHAT? SAME HERE. AFTER A HEAVY MORNING ON THE PIER, I ALWAYS SLACK IT IN THE AFTERNOON."

"THE GIANT'S ROBE."

IV.—MARIANA.

By LORD TENNYSON.

Adapted by Mr. Hampton.

THE MOATED GRANGE.—This famous old country house in the heart of the Fen Country To BE SOLD. We strongly recommend our clients to view this desirable residence, which only comes into the market owing to the lady who recently occupied it having been ordered south by her medical attendant. The house is in the Elizabethan style, with a thatched roof, and is surrounded by a picturesque moat. It contains seventeen commodious bedrooms, and four grand reception rooms, which have a western aspect—thus getting the full benefit of the afternoon sun. The grounds are eminently desirable, and at a small outlay could be put into excellent order. There are, besides an excellent poplar, several fruit trees of various kinds, including a notable climbing pear, which yields largely each year. A feature of the place is the number of

outhouses and sheds which could easily be turned into stables or a motor house. The country round about is flat, and excellent for motoring. There is a station and post-office within driving distance. The whole forms an excellent property for a gentleman of means who is prepared to spend a small sum in repairs, alterations, &c., and does not desire the noise and bustle of town life. Would suit Inventor. Apply, &c. . . .

V.—THE ANCIENT MARINER.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

Part I.—Adapted by the Society Editor of "The World."

One of the most picturesque weddings of the week was that which was solemnised yesterday at that rising watering-place Blanksea between the Duke of THANET and Miss DEAL The bride (30 lines omitted.) A musical reception was held afterwards by the bride's mother, to which many well-known people had been invited. Among those who had accepted, but, for some reason or other, were unable to attend,

may be mentioned Lord BIRCHINGTON, heir presumptive to the Duke

VI.—WE ARE SEVEN.

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Adapted by the "Vanity Fair" Hard Case Editor.

W., an elderly gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind, meets a Miss X. Miss X., who is only eight years old and occupies a humble position in the social world, is noted for her thick curly hair and fair eyes. Without waiting for an introduction, W. asks how many sisters and brothers Miss X. has. The lady replies "Seven"; at the same time mentioning that two of them live in a smart garrison town in Wales, and two are on active service abroad. W., on adding this up, makes it come to four only. Miss X., however, persists that it is seven. What should W. do?

Answer adjudged correct: Go home.

FROM a list of Government Publications: "National Debt, 1836 to 1905. Gross Liabilities. 6d."

OMNIBUS INTERLUDES.

II.—ON A "FAVORITE."

It is a tradition of the elders that on the approach of a vehicle with screeching axle-treees the local youth—presumably as owning lustier voices than their sires—shall intermit their occupations, and cry with one accord, "Oil! Oil!" until such time as the vehicle has passed out of ear-shot.

On the present occasion it happens that the offending vehicle (an omnibus *en route* for the "Elephant and Castle") is just ahead of mine (a "Favorite" bound for Victoria); and I can vouch that the tradition in question is observed in the minutest particular. Nor is this punctiliousness confined to any one thoroughfare. Except in so far as a sort of cumulative effect is produced by reiteration, the advice given by Chancery Lane cannot be described as either less or more cogent than that of Holborn or the Gray's Inn Road. For my part, I find the monotonous chant of "Oil! Oil!" only slightly less maddening than the shriek of the axles; and I yearn for the moment when, at the corner of Wellington Street and the Strand, the "Elephant and Castle" omnibus and the "Favorite" will go their separate ways.

Meanwhile the conductor of the former vehicle has been goaded by the "Favorite" driver into spasms of incoherent profanity, which he tries in vain to hide beneath an assumption of nonchalance.

At the stage where I begin to follow the conversation, the "Elephant and Castle" conductor has rounded off a scathing retort with an invitation to our driver to "come an' lay yer fat 'ead agin the axle if yer don't like the rar!"

"Why doncher tork to it with them 'onied words of yourn?" replies our driver. "They'd do a lot better than oil, yer know."

The conductor's retort is lost in a shriek of redoubled shrillness, after which a momentary respite occurs while we are "held up" in the narrowest part of Chancery Lane.

"My word! Ain't that dickey-bird of yourn bin a-whistlin' for 'is bit of sugar!" exclaims our driver. The sally is greeted with a general laugh among the outside passengers, and the unhappy conductor comes within measurable distance of apoplexy.

"I'm surprised at yer, WILLIAM," continues Jehu, taking advantage of the lull and addressing his adversary with a genially paternal air; "I thought music 'ad power to calm the savage beast. You *must* be a rank outanouter!"

I gather in a confused sort of way

that the conductor, while disclaiming any title to be regarded as an "outanouter," is resorting—somewhat inconsistently, I cannot help thinking—to the *tu quoque* method of defence. The early stages of his argument, however, are weakened by irrelevancy, and the conclusion becomes lost as our journey is continued.

"Ere, WILLIAM," exclaims the "Favorite" driver, "d' you mind not a-windin' up that musical-box agin? We've 'eard that bloomin' tune a time or two already."

But the conductor has retreated into the omnibus, where he busies himself in collecting fares. A second block in the traffic as we turn into Fleet Street separates us until we reach the corner of Wellington Street, where our Jehu seizes an opportunity to urge the "Elephant and Castle" conductor to "switch on another tune afore we say good-bye!"

The conductor, however, is studying his way-bill with an elaborate assumption of impassiveness; and a defiant shriek from the axles is the sole response accorded to our driver's request.

Then our paths diverge; and the shrieking and the cries of "Oil! Oil!" die slowly away, merging finally in the thousand-and-one noises which make up the husky roar of London traffic.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

(An extension of a "Daily Mirror" feature.)

A NECKLACE of gold.

A mutton chop, red and white.

A top hat, made of silk and all shiny.

A suit of clothes with buttons.

A bicycle.

A number of picture postcards of London and elsewhere.

A dish of tomatoes.

A safety razor.

A pot of gooseberry jam.

A photograph of Mr. GEORGE ANDER.

A trousers-stretcher.

ACCORDING to *The Official Patents Journal* the Society of Chemical Industry in Basle has applied for a patent for the manufacture of new amidoalphylamidoacetylaminodionaphtholsulphonic acids. This pleasant little acid, however, has long been familiar to *Mr. Punch*. The really dangerous part of it is the "-phth" in the fifteenth syllable, which is invariably fatal. The third "amid," on the contrary, brings good luck to tall dark men. *Mr. Punch* notes with regret the omission of the cedilla under the fourth "d," since it is upon this that the acid chiefly depends for its light violet colour.

EVERYDAY DIFFICULTIES SOLVED.

(In the manner of "*The World and His Wife*.")

IF I am giving a dinner party, and in the middle of it the cook rushes in and gives notice, what ought I to do?—*Young Wife*.

Better far had the cook been given no cause to take this step. But since it happens you can but bow to destiny and suggest an adjournment to a restaurant to complete the meal.

IS it necessary for me to buy any new clothes for my wedding? I have a tail-coat I have worn only two years, and a pair of excellent white flannel trousers.—*Fiancée*.

It is not necessary. Almost nothing is necessary. But new clothes are usually worn.

WHAT is the correct way to address a letter to Sir Thomas Lipton?—*Groceries*.

To a Baronet you write on the envelope, "To Sir So-and-So, Bart." Hence you will address your letter "To Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Bart." But even if you did not it would probably get to him just the same, and that is the main thing.

DO you think a few tins of American beef a suitable wedding present to a relative?—*Economist*.

It depends upon how much you dislike him.

I WANT to learn Jiu-Jitsu, but cannot afford to pay for the lessons. What do you advise?—*Hercules*.

The best way is to accept the challenge of a Japanese wrestler at a music-hall. You will soon pick up the rudiments.

I HAVE purchased a small printing press for the purpose of rapidly printing tram tickets similar to those which have won prizes; but I cannot obtain any blue cardboard of the requisite kind. Can you help me?—*Financier*.

Please send your name and address.

WHEN giving a dinner at a restaurant, is it good form to keep one's guests waiting to start for the theatre while one disputes the bill?—*Hesitant*.

It is not good form; but you would be a juggins to pay for what you had not had.

The Royal Commissioner's Motto.

"DULCE et decorum est pro patria morari."

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to *The Express* large quantities of tinned food are being destroyed "or given to poultry." This, we suppose, is how bad eggs are made.

ROBERT BROWNING's question, "What's become of WARING?" was answered in no uncertain voice last week.

What is the matter with Bishop POTTER of New York? He is making as much fuss as if we had accused him of being a Meat Potter.

The Government, it is announced, will shortly consider the advisability of appointing a Royal Commission to inquire into the prevalence and growth of lunacy. Many good Unionists, however, are of the opinion that the wave of insanity which recently passed over the country will be found, at the next General Election, to have spent itself.

Not a single Royal Commission was appointed last week.

It is rumoured that each of the twenty-five Chinese coolies who have applied for repatriation has received an autograph letter from Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, thanking him for an exhibition of loyalty to his friends which is none too common nowadays. It is hoped that the remaining 49,975 now feel heartily ashamed of themselves.

It has been decided that the present Naval Manœuvres shall be used as a test of the ability of the Royal Dockyards to make quick repairs. It is felt, however, that H.M.S. *Montagu*, in addition to being slightly previous, showed an excess of zeal, and overdid the idea.

The opening of the new Victoria Railway Station was not a signal success.

The hope has been expressed that the Prince of WALES will open the Indian annexe of the Zoo. In our opinion many valuable lives will be lost if anyone does anything so foolish.

The threat made by the Krupp Company to stop work on the Turkish order for military material unless £140,000 be paid at once, has once more led the SULTAN to wonder whether the KAISER loves him for himself alone.

The agitation in favour of more comfortable prisons continues. There is no doubt that the fact that they are not all that can be desired keeps many persons from using them.

Those owners of motor-cars who affect



GOLDEN MEMORIES.

"I WONDER WHY MR. POPPSTEIN SERVES WITH THREE BALLS?"
"OLD ASSOCIATIONS, I SUPPOSE."

to despise motor-bicycles will have to alter their way of thinking. No fewer than twenty-seven persons were injured in Paris last week by the explosion of one motor-bicycle.

The leading London hotels are now full of American millionaires and multi-millionaires, and the former complain bitterly that the latter treat them as so much dirt.

Mr. BART KENNEDY's style has been parodied often, but never so amusingly as in a series of articles now appearing in *The Daily Mail* from the pen of Mr. BART KENNEDY.

Mr. NICO JUNGMAN has just completed an immense altar-piece in tempera. The tendency of frescoes is to perish. Those who know Mr. JUNGMAN's charming art hope it will be found that *Tempora non mutantur*.

"Why," asks *The Medical Times*, "should we tell patients what we are giving them? Depend upon it by so doing we lose our dignity as a profession." This is certainly what has happened to the Beef Trust.

THE LATEST AMERICAN POPULAR SONG:
"The Tinned Gee-gee."

NIL NISI BONUM.

(*Being some personal paragraphs from the forthcoming journal "P.T.T.F." or Praise to the Face.*)

[“I do hope that never in these pages will there appear a word which can wound anybody.”—Extract from the Editor’s Manifesto.]

AN IRISH PARAGON.

Tall, faultlessly proportioned, with classical features and a phenomenal chest measurement, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best dressed, the handsomest and the most undeviatingly urbane of the Irish Members. The list of his academic distinctions could not be compressed into a page of *P.T.T.F.*, but a word is due to his triumphs as an athlete. When an undergraduate at Trinity College, Dublin, he actually won all the events at the annual sports. He tossed the caber 127 yards, he established a new record in the hop, skip, and jump, he won the three-legged race in a common canter, and distanced all competitors in the obstacle race. Then his accomplishments as a musician are of no common order, for he is the only M.P. who can play the concertina, the piccolo, and the Welsh harp. To see Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL is to love him; to hear him sing is Paradise in *petto*. As Mr. GLADSTONE once remarked, “When MACNEILL warbles one of MOORE’s Irish melodies, I feel I know not how.”

A GENTLE GENIUS.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE was always a great social favourite, and few if any of our most eminent scientists have a greater *répertoire* of parlour tricks. I shall never forget (writes a well-known F.R.S.) the impression he made upon me at a children’s Christmas party, when he conjured a large bowl of goldfish out of his right, and a brace of squirrels out of his left whisker. But his love of pastime is only equalled by his efficiency as a sportsman. Horsemanship comes first perhaps—Sir JAMES’s seat on a Mexican mustang is only second to that of Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, and as a bronco-buster he was the mingled terror and envy of the most hardened *gauchos* of the pampas—but as a golfer he is, in the words of Lord HALSBURY, one of his favourite opponents, “no slouch.” Yet all this strenuous addiction to sport has not impaired the kindness of his nature in the slightest degree. He often breaks out into extempore verse at breakfast, and can seldom recite poetry without shedding tears. In controversy his methods are those of BAYARD; in short, take him for all in all, he is one of those great stimulating sentimentalists who is never so completely in his element as when he is in the society of the great masters of the beautiful arts—such men as HUBERT von

HERKOMER, EMIL FUCHS, F. E. WEATHERLY, ALGERNON ASHTON, or the great American poet VOLNEY STREAMER.

“ST. BERNARD” SHAW.

There never was a greater mistake than to suppose that BERNARD SHAW is a cynic. Thin-lipped, eagle-eyed, with a firm chin and an unflinching gaze, his physiognomy conveys a radically false impression of his real nature. Men, ay and women too, think him as hard as the Rock of Gibraltar, whereas his heart is as soft as the most quivering shape of calves’ feet jelly. Indeed, I am not sure that he is not the largest-hearted, the most saintly-souled, as well as the most gifted and handsome man of my acquaintance. Of Comte d’ORSAY I can only speak by hearsay, but I have known all the brave men and the noble women of the last half century, and SHAW is the noblest and bravest of them all—not even excepting GEORGE ALEXANDER, whose prowess as a pugilist I can hardly think of without the deepest emotion.

BEERBOHM TREE’S GENEROSITY.

Mr. TREE has long been known as an actor of colossal genius. It may be a surprise to some of our readers to learn that as a heavy-weight boxer he has never met his match, and that on one occasion while touring in America he knocked out PETER JACKSON, then at the zenith of his powers, in three rounds. Even more remarkable was his rescue of an aged organ grinder who had been set upon by more than fifty brawny hooligans in the heart of Soho. In less than three minutes Mr. TREE had floored the entire gang, and, hoisting the aged minstrel on his shoulders, carried him off to the Carlton, where he entertained him to a sumptuous repast and presented him with £10,000 to buy a new instrument.

STANDING PAR.

One of the most interesting presentations of the season has been that of Miss —, the charming daughter of —. Tall, *svelte*, with a brilliant complexion and a profusion of — hair, Miss — is one of the most popular girls in the best Mayfair set, since, apart from her large fortune, she is a beautiful dancer, a plucky motorist, rides well to hounds, and plays an excellent hand at Bridge. Though she perhaps hardly possesses the paralysing fascination of a CLEOPATRA, who was unfortunately somewhat *passée* before I left Galway for London, she is none the less one of the most extraordinarily beautiful and sweet-natured young women of the many thousands to whom it has been my proud privilege to pay my homage of admiration.

QUOTATION FOR MR. O’CONNOR.—“Tis true ‘tis T.P., ‘P.T.O.’—tis true.”

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES:

Or, Who was Who?

III.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

It has been said that if SHAKSPEARE and BEN JONSON had never lived BEAUMONT and FLETCHER would have been the chief ornaments of the Elizabethan age. But why blink the fact that SHAKSPEARE and BEN JONSON did live? BEAUMONT and FLETCHER never blinked it. They got SHAKSPEARE to help them. At least FLETCHER did. BEAUMONT was more particular, but he had been dead some time when it happened.

BEAUMONT was born in 1584. His father was a Justice of the Common Pleas, and is said to have been the first Judge to make jokes on the bench. BEAUMONT was sent to Oxford when he was thirteen, which was full early; but FLETCHER went to Cambridge when he was twelve, and had, as they say, the bulge on him there. They often talked over those old times afterwards, and said what fun it was playing marbles on the Senate House steps, and bowling hoops down the High, and how angry the ushers had been when they had gone to visit their old schools and smoked in the playground.

“But they couldn’t touch us, you know,” said BEAUMONT.

“Rather not,” said FLETCHER.

FLETCHER was born in 1579. He was just as good as BEAUMONT. His father was a Dean. When, a few years after FLETCHER’s birth, he was made Bishop of London, it was felt that here was a chance not to be missed. One of his sons must be brought up to write books. Think what he could do for him towards getting them talked about. The two eldest declined. Jons, the third, liked the idea, and was packed off to Cambridge at once to get into the way of it.

But unfortunately, when FLETCHER was seventeen, his father died. He died, we are told, “either of chagrin at the Queen’s displeasure on account of his second marriage, or of the immoderate use of tobacco.” Yes, they got it as close as that. If there was one thing the physicians of those days prided themselves on it was their diagnosis. They were quite sure he was suffering from one of the two complaints, and the only mistake they made was in treating him for the other. Nobody regretted the slight error more than they did.

Unless it was JOHN FLETCHER. To him the loss was irreparable. Deprived at the same time of a fond father and a first-class advertising medium, he sank into poverty, and nothing more was heard of him for years. Then he met BEAUMONT, and everything was changed.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER first met at a public-house called the “Mermaid

Tavern," and struck up a violent friendship.

"You're the very man I've been wanting," said FLETCHER. "You're about the same height and figure as I am, and you've got the same taste in clothes and poetry. Let us have everything in common. It is true you have rather more than I have at present, but we'll soon alter that."

BEAUMONT was agreeable. The partnership was fixed up, and lasted for some years. They couldn't bear to be separated. They lived in the same house, wore the same clothes (not of course at the same time), and ate out of the same plate.

When they sat down to write poetry their unanimity was marvellous. FLETCHER was the better of the two at spelling, although neither of them was much at it, and he did most of the actual writing. BEAUMONT would dictate, and FLETCHER would take it down. This suited them both.

After six years BEAUMONT got a little tired of it. "Look here," he said one morning, "I think it's a little stuffy living in one another's pockets like this. Don't you?"

FLETCHER's face blanched. "I never thought to have heard words like those from my FRANCIS," he said. (BEAUMONT's name was FRANCIS.)

"Well, you've heard them now," said BEAUMONT. "I'm going to get married."

FLETCHER hid his annoyance, and was best man at the wedding. He wore one of BEAUMONT's suits for the last time. Mrs. BEAUMONT stopped it after that, and he had to buy his own. There was no actual breach between them; indeed, FLETCHER couldn't afford to quarrel with BEAUMONT, and they went on writing together for three years longer. Then BEAUMONT died.

FLETCHER was now in difficulties again; but he was a man of resource. He went to SHAKSPEARE, as has been said, and proposed a partnership. It was a cool proceeding, because SHAKSPEARE was fifteen years older than FLETCHER, and already a playwright of repute. But for some reason or other SHAKSPEARE consented, and they wrote *The Two Noble Kinsmen* together. Probably they would have gone on working in company for some time, but FLETCHER went down to stay at Stratford-on-Avon for the weekend, and appeared at breakfast on Sunday morning in one of SHAKSPEARE's doublets.

SHAKSPEARE was greatly annoyed. FLETCHER couldn't see why. "BEAUMONT never made the slightest objection," he said. "We had all things in common. It's the only way, really, to carry on a useful partnership."

"I don't care a hang what BEAUMONT



THE ABOVE CADDIE (IN THE COURSE OF HIS THIRD ROUND WITH COLONEL FOOLE, WHO ALWAYS TAKES OUT A COLLECTION OF TWO DOZEN CLUBS, IF ONLY FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING) BEGINS TO DOUBT IF HE, THE CADDIE, REALLY BELONGS TO THE IDLE CLASSES, AS STATED IN THE PAPERS.

did," said SHAKSPEARE. "I'm not going to put up with it."

So there was an end of that partnership.

Then FLETCHER tried DEKKER, but DEKKER said he was quite contented with FORD. Their partnership might be humdrum—they didn't live in the same house and they went to different tailors; but it suited them very well, and they'd no use for a third partner. Besides, he didn't think FORD would like it. He was rather particular.

"Like what?" inquired FLETCHER, in a pointed way.

"Well, I'd rather not say," replied DEKKER. "At any rate, no thank you. Good morning."

ROWLEY was insulting. When he met FLETCHER at the "Mermaid" he would pretend to tremble. "Please take your eye off my clothes," he would say. "I assure you they're at least two sizes too small for you."

WEBSTER was just as bad. Whenever he saw FLETCHER coming he clutched hold of his trunk hose and said, "You can't have them. I've only two pairs, and the other's at the wash." FLETCHER saw that it was no good suggesting anything to him.

At last he came across MASSINGER. "Partnership?" said MASSINGER. "Why, certainly! Come along. We ought to do very well together. Let's begin at once."

FLETCHER could hardly believe his

ears; he had met with so many rebuffs since BEAUMONT's lamented death.

"You shall have a duplicate key to my wardrobe as soon as it can be made," proceeded MASSINGER. "I know you like to work in that way, and, bless you, I don't mind."

FLETCHER was quite overcome. He fell on MASSINGER's neck and the bargain was struck. They worked together amicably for some years, and then poor FLETCHER died of the plague. When MASSINGER died, fourteen years later, he gave orders that he was to be buried in the same grave. "The dear fellow would have wished it," he said. "He always liked to go shares."

Men About Town.

V.—THE COALMAN.

THE Coalman needs, or else he'll shirk,
Some pressure at his back,
He never will begin to work
Until he's got the sack.

VI.—THE BOOTBLACK.

The Bootblack rubs along with zest,
Yet humbly keeps his distance;
The shining hour for him's at best
A hand to foot existence.

How to BRIGHTEN CRICKET.—Write like this: "If Essex had held all their catches, their opponents' total would have been smaller." —*Daily Mail*.



SCENE—Yeomanry Camp.

TIME—Sunday Morning Inspection.

Major. "WHY ISN'T THIS TENT IN ORDER?"

Trooper. "'AVEN'T 'AD TIME, SIR."

Major. "WHAT! THEN WHEN THE DEUCE WILL YOU HAVE TIME?"

Trooper. "WELL, SIR, IF YOU COULD LOOK ROUND ABOUT WEDNESDAY EVENIN'—"

[Collapse of Major.]

MAYORS' NESTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS having pointed out that the reason for the exodus of holiday makers to the Continent every summer was due largely to the want of enterprise displayed by our own resorts, *The Daily Chronicle* has thrown open its columns to the champions of the English watering-places, who are principally their chief magistrates. A few other communications on the same

subject and from similarly august municipal magnates reach Mr. Punch, to whom, in an epistolary sense, all roads lead.

BRIGHTON.—(By THE MAYOR.)

Why people go to France I have never been able to understand, saving the presence of the L. B. & S. C. Railway—with whom I should be sorry to be on bad terms. But here is Brighton always ready, always, so to speak, at

your doors—healthy, bright, cheerful, full of amusement, with the sea at its feet to be bathed in or steamed over or sailed on, and plenty of attractions continually in full swing. But yet there are people who go to France and Switzerland and Italy! Frankly, I can't understand it. We may not have Alps; but we have the South Downs. We may not speak French; but you can understand us and we can understand you! We may not have ancient ruins; but you can get here without being seasick! We may not be very beautiful, architecturally considered; but the return fare is only a few shillings! If I am asked for my unbiased vote, I say, Go to Brighton.

MARGATE.—(By THE MAYOR.)

I don't know what it can be that people want more than Margate can give them to send them abroad, wasting their money on Frenchmen after English town councillors have expended brain and time entirely on the question of how to make them happy. What are the conditions of the perfect summer holiday? If I might venture to offer a solution to this simple self-propounded problem, I should say, The sea, sands, a pier, Ethiopian serenaders, bathing machines, Pierrots, a multitude of happy people, Punch and Judy, conjurers, organs, children in thousands, a Hall by the Sea, steamers bringing large parties all day. Here in a few words are described the chief *desiderata* (if I may use the word) of the English holiday maker. And they are all at Margate in profusion. Nowhere else in the world can you find them quite as we have them here. As for Boulogne, Etretat, Trouville—pooh!

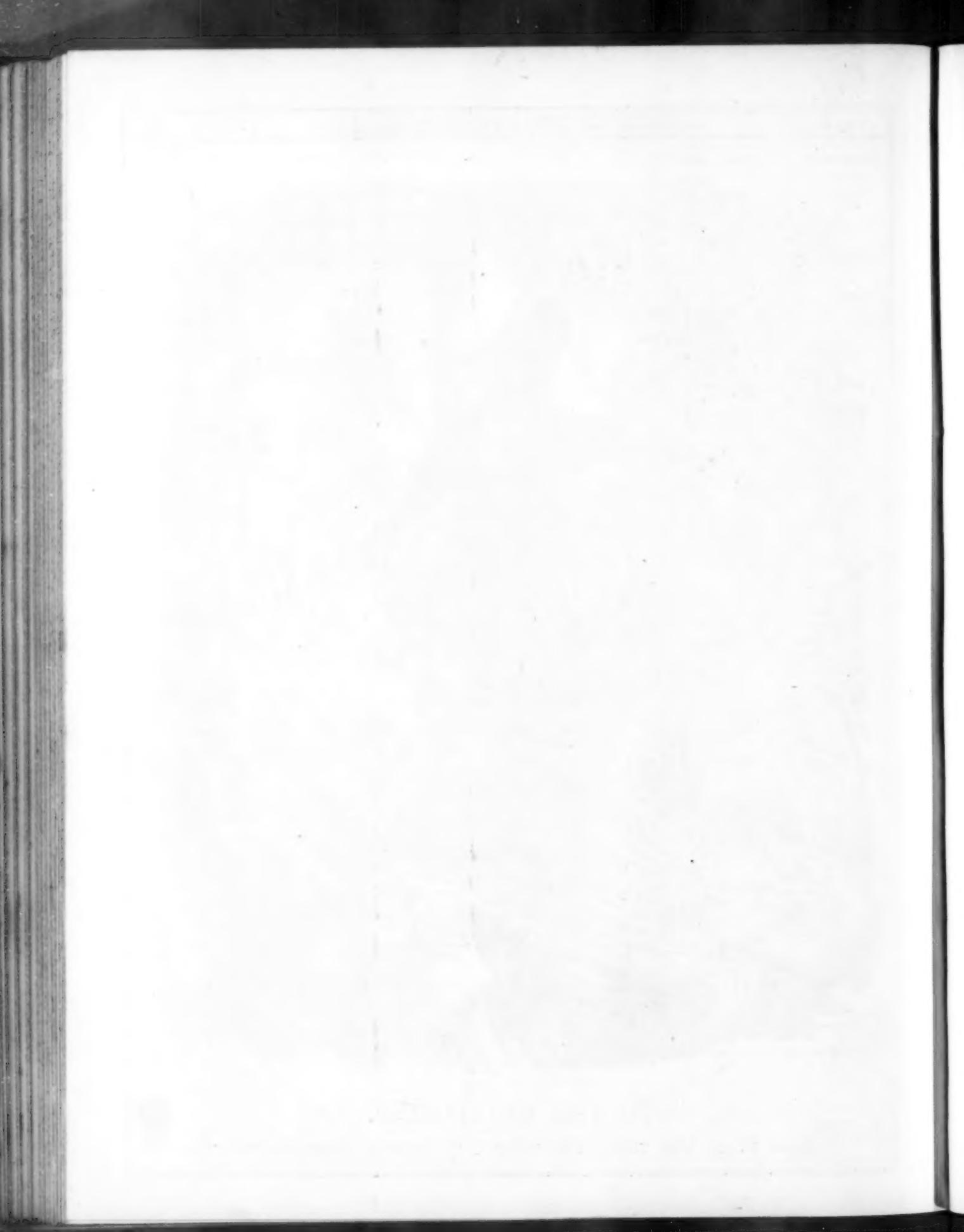
WESTON-SUPER-MARE.*** (By THE MARE.)**

Mr. Sims's thoughtful article deserves the careful attention of all patriotic Britons. This is not merely a case where charity should begin at home, but, as the poet phrases it, "What can they know of England who none of England know?" To dilate on the merits of Weston-super-Mare would be a work of Weston supererogation, for its beauties are so patent as to leap to the eye of the most apathetic observer. The air is rich in ozone—indeed traces of ozokerite have been discovered by some expert analysts, and there are opportunities galore, as the Irish say, for fishing, tennis, golf, croquet, spillikins and similar pastimes. In climate we rival the South of France, with the additional advantage of the proximity of the Gulf Stream; our shingle is of extraordinarily fine quality, and the catering of the boarding-houses is calculated to satisfy the most fastidious appetites.



TO THE GUILLOTINE.

CITIZEN BIRRELL. "NOW THEN, NEXT BATCH, YOUR TUMBRIL STOPS THE WAY!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 11.

"Now, dear boy," said the American Ambassador, affectionately laying his arm on shoulder of the PRESIDENT's son-in-law, of late arrived at Dorchester House, "you've been pretty steadily on the go since your wedding day. What you want is a quiet time, if only for an hour or two. Tell you what—we'll go down to the House of Commons."

PRESIDENT's son-in-law puzzled. Gathers from newspapers that the political camps just now are drawn up in battle array, fighting over question that stirs the heart's blood of the people. Has heard it whispered that so profound is the agitation even Bishops have been drawn into what, if uttered by laymen, would be regarded as bad language. To repair to the scene of controversy did not appear on the face of it precisely the thing for one in search of a quiet moment to do.

It turned out that, as usual, the American Ambassador knew what he was talking about. Seated in Diplomatic Gallery, the visitors looked down on a scene whose placidity was unruffled. It chanced that Alderman ANSON was on his legs moving amendment to Clause 2. As Minister of Education in the late Government, the Alderman's place is in the van of battle. 'Tis he whose martial bearing should inspire the Opposition to an attack, in which numbers would be overthrown by the dauntless courage of the few. To tell the truth, there is nothing bloodthirsty either in the appearance or the speech of the Alderman.

His low voice, his equable manner, his air of general benevolence, suggest blessing rather than banning the Bill.

Once, for a moment, the stagnant waters of this Dead Sea of debate were stirred by passing breeze. SEELEY (Major) showed sign of recurrence to attitude familiar when, in the last Parliament, he sat on the very Bench he now occupies, nominally then as now a Ministerialist. Threw out suggestion that the line taken on Clause 2 by Opposition was not so hopelessly wrong as ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL described it. Suggested they should be met half-way. The Nonconformist conscience rudely awakened. Cries of dissent breaking forth below Gangway woke up the

PRESIDENT's son-in-law just as the earlier spell of the place had quietly closed his eyes.

Right hon. gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench instantly alert. Suff-



"I never leave the House, Mr. Speaker!"

(Mr. Alph-a Cl-ph-s M-rt-n.)

fered grievous disappointment at hand of TOMMY LOUGH on eve of adjournment for Whitsun holidays. He, breaking out of bounds, had been promptly recaptured. But he was a Minister, properly subjected to discipline. Different with SEELEY, whom in happier days they used to howl at.

There were tears in WALTER LONG's honest eyes, a tremor in his manly voice when he promptly rose, descended on the force of the Major's argument, implored St. AUGUSTINE to listen to the words of one whose perfect acquaintance with this or any other question, whose shrewd observation, sound judgment, unerring instinct, compelled respect and should command attention. When WALLACE, K.C., speaking from behind Treasury Bench, followed on same lines, hope ran high in the sparsely scattered tents of the Opposition. Here surely was the beginning of schism in the serried ranks before them.

PRINCE ARTHUR adroitly attempted to work on feelings of House by presenting himself to it in the character of a ratepayer. The move was a trifle inconsequential. But there was about it that touch of nature that makes householders kin. In the last Parliament, of which for a long time he was both idol and autocrat, PRINCE ARTHUR would never have



AMERICAN "ROYALTY" IN THE GALLERY.

Senator Longworth (son-in-law of King Theodore, U.S.A.) and the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

admitted the common infirmity of paying rates. In subtle form the homely reference indicated the revolutionary change effected within the year. Humbled at the poll, the ex-PREMIER was now little more than a ratepayer, with the possibility of becoming a passive resister if Alderman ASHON's amendment to Clause 2 were ruthlessly rejected by a tyrannical Ministry.

As admitted, the circumstance of PRINCE ARTHUR being a ratepayer had no direct bearing on the drift of debate. It was nevertheless effective to the extent that in the division taken at close of two hours' discussion the majority was run down to 180. An hour later it rose to the normal range of 293. Which shows afresh how transient is the influence of personal sympathy even when evoked by the master mind.

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

Tuesday.—Still harping on Second Clause of Education Bill. SEELY (Major) growing in favour with his old friends opposite. Moved Amendment that occupied some hours of sitting. Finally drew concession from ST. AUGUSTINE welcomed by Irish Members, sniffed at by DOX JOSÉ. Still there it was. Yesterday, Ministers pressed on same point said they would ne'er consent. To-day they consented.

Rumbled revolt on Radical Benches. LUPTON of Lincolnshire gives it to be understood that it was not for this he turned HARRY CHAPLIN out of Sleaford.

"Yesterday," he mournfully lamented, "between three and four hundred dumb mouths voted for the Bill, and this is their reward!"

Metaphor a little mixed. What LUPTON struggles to explain is that Ministerialists, anxious for the progress of the Bill, remain mute whilst others talked. The talkers had got their way; the faithfully mute were betrayed. Lincolnshire, he announced, would rather lose the Bill altogether than have it in the modified form into which it was passing.

Evidently in these circumstances and at this rate Bill won't be through by Christmas. Recognising the fact, sudden resolution taken by C.-B. to shelve it till Monday, when, the guillotine being set up, heads of speeches will be mercilessly cut off.

Business done.—Committee on Education Bill suspended.

Wednesday.—When business was resumed after Whitsun holidays Members found inner Lobby dominated by a colossal figure jealously shrouded from head to foot in what looked like white grave-clothes. It stood on guard by the central door leading forth from the Lobby, mutely keeping watch and ward with the Government Whips there on duty.

In reply to whispered inquiry it was made known that this was the counterfeit presentment of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD

veil falling in presence of a group of Old Parliamentary Hands, including PRINCE ARTHUR, who, during his Leadership of the House of Commons, found his most redoubtable adversary in the statesman whose worth he to-day recognised and extolled in felicitous terms of genuine warmth.

Business done.—Labourers (Ireland) Bill considered.

Friday night.—A phrase of Parliamentary Procedure, hallowed by the dust of ages, has disappeared. Up to the resumption of Sittings after Whitsuntide it was the custom of SPEAKER or CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, when Division was coming, to cry aloud, "Strangers must withdraw."

In the beginning the injunction was extended to all strangers in and under the galleries over the clock. Gradually concession was made limiting its address to strangers on the Benches below the Gallery. At the signal these were trundled forth, conducted across the Members' Lobby by the police, and left in the central hall till the Division was over. These seats under the Gallery, being on a level of the floor of the House and few in number, are prized possession reserved for distinguished visitors. The balance was redressed by their ignominious shooting forth just when interest culminated in a Division.

Under new regulations affecting Divisions, strangers under the Gallery are permitted to remain. Accordingly the decree, "Strangers must withdraw," utterance of which has preluded through centuries Divisions that have changed the face of history, is heard no more from the Chair. Now and henceforth "Clear the Lobby" is the Parliamentary equivalent of the "Up, Guards, and at 'em" with which WELLINGTON did not

signal the crisis of the battle of Waterloo.

Business done.—Public Trustee Bill discussed.

ACCORDING to a report subsequently denied,

"The man in charge of Spearmint was injured in the head, but it was not found necessary to detain the horse."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Suspicion at first rested upon a chestnut cob, wearing a dirty collar, who was seen in the vicinity.



A "DUMB MOUTH."

The Ghostly Professor, Member for the Ingoldsby (Legend) Division of Lincolnshire.

(Professor L-pt-n said, "between 300 and 400 dumb mouths voted for the Bill.")

revisiting a long-familiar place. Hitherto the statues of dead-and-gone statesmen have been relegated to the Outer Lobby. The latest unveiled was that of Mr. G., who found himself in company with the silent presence of GRANVILLE, STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, men with whom through a long life he worked or fought. Under direction of his son, in these days FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, the SQUIRE looks down on a scene through which for full thirty years his massive figure moved and towered.

To-day the drapery was removed, the



Extract from Letter:—"THE MEN HAD BROKEN EVERY BOTTLE AND TIN THAT THEY COULD LAY THEIR HANDS ON WITH AN AIR-GUN THAT ARCHIE HAD BROUGHT. SO WHEN THEY WENT AWAY TO SEE IF THE CARS WERE ALL RIGHT FOR THE RETURN JOURNEY, WE GIRLS THOUGHT WE WOULD HAVE A SHOT. WE POTTED AWAY FOR SOME TIME AT A BOTTLE THAT MARJORIE (WHO IS A BIT SHORT-SIGHTED, YOU KNOW) HAD FOUND AMONG SOME CUSHIONS, AND IT WAS ONLY WHEN THE MEN APPEARED THAT I HIT IT! IT TURNED OUT TO BE A FULL ONE, WHICH THE MEN HAD PUT AWAY FOR FINAL REFRESHERS, AND INSTEAD OF COMPLIMENTING ME ON MY GOOD SHOOTING, THEY WERE QUITE STUFFY ABOUT IT."

HOW TO DEAL WITH A DOG FIGHT.

THERE are several ways of dealing with a dog fight, some of which are better than others. If either of the dogs is a bull-terrier, an excellent plan is to turn down the nearest side street and pretend not to see it; but this plan is not recommended if you are the owner of the dog which is being killed, or if you happen to be accompanied by your future wife, as it is conceivable that it might lower you in her estimation. Indeed she may even be so foolish as to imagine that you are afraid of the brutes!

Take the more heroic line, and decide to do your duty. Advance to the scene of carnage with medium-sized, firm steps. In the hope that the dogs will separate of their own accord, it will be as well to pause here and make a few casual remarks to the crowd before proceeding further. Ask in a loud and confident tone whether the owners are known; how long the fight has been

in progress; whether there is no policeman in the neighbourhood; what the deuce you boys want; and any other questions of the same sort which may occur to you at the time.

If the dogs refuse to take advantage of the opportunity thus given them to escape, adopt a peremptory tone towards the mob, which should yet be tinged with consideration for their low estate. Remove your gloves languidly, and press them without emotion into the lady's hand, at the same time giving quiet but reassuring replies to the fears which she expresses for your safety. Nevertheless, do not fail to drop unmistakable hints that the danger is doubtless great, although you personally pay no heed to it.

When you again advance to the scene of combat in order to separate the dogs, you have the choice of several methods, most of which are so well known that they need not be recounted here. Being a bright intelligent person of quick perception, and possessing as you do an unrivalled insight into the character of men and dogs, you will of course

perceive at once which method it will be best to adopt.

Now separate the dogs.

Having thus easily and coolly stopped the fight, put your hands in your pockets and retire from the ring with a smile on your face. Take little or no notice of the compliments, if any, paid you by the crowd, but go straight to the lady, claim your gloves from her, and at once begin to prattle calmly and in an unimpassioned manner about exterior things of no importance, as though you considered your achievement no more meritorious than alighting from a train,—*no matter what your own private thoughts on the subject may be.*

Stroll away from the battlefield by her side.

By attending closely to these accurate and minute instructions as to procedure and deportment, you will experience no difficulty in putting an end to the fiercest struggle which ever dogs did wage; and your calm and nonchalant bearing in the face of extreme peril cannot fail to make a most profound and lasting impression on the lady.

"TO NOROWAY O'ER THE FAEM."

If WAGNER could only have remained at his so-called worst, or worst but one, what a career he might have had! He might even have been enthroned along with BIZET and GOUNOD in the popular bosom. But he was ambitious; he had an insatiable fancy for improving himself, and others; with results upon which I am not just now disposed to dwell.

In spite of the inhuman phantasy of its plot, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the work of WAGNER's early days when he knew no better, contains melody on melody of an unforgettable charm, of a tenderness almost domestic in its human appeal. And you can see what unaffected pleasure he took in them; how he never tired of repeating them again and again just for joy of their sweetness. Yet already the menace of his future greatness hangs over him. We trace it in the terrific pause (foreshadowing *Tristan's* most superb triumphs in this kind) during which the action of the drama is hung up while *Senta* and the *Dutchman* stare point-blank at one another on their first meeting. And when they had so much to say!—she, the bride (already promised by her father) who was to save the wanderer from the infernal nuisance of these seven-year trips at sea; and he, standing beneath his own portrait, the hero himself, the realisation of her love-dreams. And there they stick and stare interminably, without exchanging the smallest civilities. It is true that his appearance may have been a bit of a shock to her; for the portrait, ugly as it was, told a flattering tale, and the *Dutchman*, by an excusable confusion of ideas, had got himself up as the *Wandering Jew*. I could quite understand, by the look of him, how it was that he always failed to secure a really faithful wife during his periodical descents upon terra firma. All this may account for *Senta's* reticence, but does not explain his.

Indeed, I found him, all through the opera, lacking in initiative and agility. For a man with his reputation as a Flier, he stood about too much; and in the rare intervals when he set himself in motion he started stiffly and continued with evident reluctance.

It began with his landing in the First Act. You would have thought that after a spell of seven compulsory years at sea he would have been glad to stretch his legs on shore; yet, after throwing off a carefully-prepared synopsis of the situation, he leans fixedly against a rock, paying not the smallest attention to a mariner on another ship (barely fifteen yards away), who challenges him through a speaking-trumpet. However, this may be explained by some flaw in the acoustic properties of the stage; for I noticed that the *Steersman* himself had

slept all through the *Dutchman's* solo, which he sang quite loud.

The career of the *Flying Dutchman* is too removed from common experience to touch the emotions very deeply, but there is something very heart-breaking in the final and quite prosaic statement that falls from his lips at the moment of embarkation:

Den fliegenden Holländer nennt man nich!
(I am known as the *Flying Dutchman*!) Here was the skipper who had had the *Dutchman's* portrait painted, frame and all, on his wall, and knew it by heart; here were all these spinning women who had sat under it and thrown up their work every afternoon for years on the same old excuse—that they wanted to hear the ballad of his woes sung just this once more; here was *Erik*, who had seen

reporter at the back of the gallery. I cannot believe that the ideal *Flying Dutchman* would ever address the elements with so conscientious a precision.

After seeing "Mlle." DESTINN as *Madama Butterfly* I confess to being disappointed with "Frl." DESTINN in the part of *Senta*. Certainly she was happier as a Frenchwoman singing Italian in a Japanese opera, than as a German singing German in a Norwegian music-drama. Her voice was always a delight, and she sang the famous Ballad with equal sweetness and strength; but her acting was restrained almost to the point of mere negation. Perhaps she was put off by her shining blue bodice, which was most unbecoming; or else the spectacle of her hero as a kind of Admiral Bogey unnerved her. Whatever the cause she was not her best self, and the acting of Frl. von MILDENBURG as *Elizabeth* was still fresh in the memory of the audience. One had seen what subtlety of expression could be conveyed by the delicate play of eyes and hands in a part not more emotional than that of *Senta*. Still I preferred the immobility of Frl. DESTINN to the demonstrative excesses of Herr BURGSTALLER as *Erik*. In the Second Act, with the simplicity of its domestic interior, his melodramatic gestures were well outside the canvas.

Herr KNÜPFER, who played *Daland*, was at home with himself as a jolly jolly mariner, with his weather eye open for an eligible son-in-law. But he had a duller time than on the previous evening in *Tannhäuser*, when, as the *Landgrave*, himself a figure out of pantomime with a blue velvet skirt and a crown on the back of his head, he must have got a lot of quiet fun out of the quaint guests that assisted at his concert.

Herr NIETAN's voice, as the *Steersman*, was perhaps a little thin in the lovely "*Lieber Südcind*" air; but he naturally didn't want to wake the rest of the crew. The *Spinnendienst* went deliciously; and the whole company may regard it as a high compliment that this opera should have been selected for Dr. RICHTER's farewell appearance on Saturday last.

Everybody's love goes with him to Bayreuth.

O. S.

Latest Bully-tins from Chicago.

WHAT'S read in the book comes out in the Press.

All's beef that ends beef.

Many a knuckle makes a nickel.

Pto-mainy cooks spoil the broth.

Chemicals colour a multitude of tins.

From an advertisement:

"On Thursday next, sale of antique furniture, china, etc., the property of Mr. —, deceased, and of Mr. —, who have removed from their respective residences for the sake of the sale."



"THE REALISATION OF HER LOVE-DREAMS."

HERR VAN ROOY . . . *The Flying Dutchman*.
FRL. DESTINN . . . *Senta*.

him in a bad dream the night before last; here was *Senta*, who had thought and dreamed of nothing else for years, and now, with open eyes and a very perfect acquaintance with his past, was prepared to share his fate and be his *Flying Dutch*; and then he has the face to tell her before them all, "Thou knowest me not, nor thinkest who I am!" and to spring his name on them as a surprise! No wonder *Senta* felt hurt and threw herself off the landing-stage (not a cliff, as the "Argument" says) in pure chagrin.

I gather from the musical critics that Herr VAN ROOY, *comme tous les Rois*, can do no wrong. Yet I thought that he addressed himself too much and too directly to the audience (even as I write I seem to be looking down his throat), and in the landing-stage soliloquy he was almost pedantic in his effort to enunciate every word distinctly and forcefully, as if he were conscious of the presence of a



Village Constable (to Villager who has been knocked down by passing motor cyclist). "YOU DIDN'T SEE THE NUMBER, BUT COULD YOU SWEAR TO THE MAN?"
Villager. "I DID; BUT I DON'T THINK 'E 'KED ME."

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

(Deduced from the Writings of our Feuilletonists.)

THERE is a murdered Baron in every country-house library.

A colonel (British) is a melancholy man with a Past; but when he smiles his rare smile the young widow may begin to hope.

A colonel (foreign) is a worthless adventurer.

A solicitor is a fatherly, white-haired man, who makes a decent income by sorting out changelings. He subsists chiefly on hasty cold collations, served in the libraries of noble clients.

To qualify for hospital work in the East End a newly-married lady of title needs only (a) believe on rather shadowy evidence that her husband loves another, (b) attire herself in simple mourning, and (c) pack a few necessaries in a small black bag. N.B. Some authorities have it that she should in addition leave her rings on her dressing-table, with the exception of a plain gold band hung by

a string from her neck; but this qualification is probably optional.

Brain fever (a complaint unknown to your doctor or mine, but the usual accompaniment of domestic trouble in the mansions of the great) will invariably baffle the skill of an ordinary practitioner; but a medical baronet, arriving by special train, can cure it by coughing dryly and endorsing the treatment prescribed by local talent.

A lachrymose wife is better (for the circulation of a daily paper) than a rose-bud garden of healthy-minded girls.

A villain, if of good family, will eventually die a hero's death in Africa (or wherever copper-coloured people happen to be giving trouble at the time of his tardy repentance).

A peer (newly married) is an unfortunate but faultlessly dressed individual who spends six months in the year hunting for his wife with the aid of incompetent detectives.

The proletariat consists solely of French maids and policemen.

Canned Candour.

PRESERVED MEATS IN GLASSES.

Every Glass is guaranteed absolutely pure, clean and wholesome.

WE EAT THEM OURSELVES!

That's the best recommendation we can give of their purity.

An Experiment in six-syllable Rhyme.

(Being an observation by "EBS" to the driver of his char-à-banc; with an aside to his friend HENRY.)

Was the night misty, charioteer?
Tis why we kissed each HARRIET here.

* * * *
(Drop on my distich, HARRY, a tear.)

"La Granja, where King ALFONSO and his bride can, at last, say their 'Enfin seuls!' was built . . . by PHILIP THE FIFTH . . . It stands still, pretty much as it stood then, in the midst of a picturesque and arid desolation."—Pall Mall Gazette.

In these days of earthquakes and bombs it is something to know that a palace really does stand still.



MR. CHEVALIER, ON HIS RETURN TO THE "LEGITIMATE," SAYS FAREWELL TO HIS OLD ASSOCIATES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In his article on MACREADY, one of four that make up *Monographs* (JOHN MURRAY), Sir THEODORE MARTIN incidentally mentions that his first meeting with the actor was "early in the spring of 1846." 'Tis sixty years ago and more, and even at that remote period the author was in his 30th year. He is, in truth, only twelve months younger than Waterloo, and during all those years has warmed both hands before the fire of life. Happy circumstances brought him into personal contact with most of the people who during the last seven decades have won and held front places on the varied stages of Literature, the Drama, Art and Politics. Forty years ago, THEODORE MARTIN was a contributor to *The Quarterly Review*. From its pages he disinters articles on DAVID GARRICK, MACREADY and Baron STOCKMAR, supplemented by one on RACHEL, which appeared in *Blackwood* at the comparatively recent date 1882. They are not exactly literature, and if there was about the time of their birth anything in the nature of a glow it has meanwhile faded. But they are clearly-written narratives of the principal events in the career of each, recalling figures which to the present generation are antique. Sir THEODORE rescued from the letters of the Hogarthian critic LICHTENBERG a vivid pen-and-ink sketch of GARRICK on the stage. It is well worth preserving. We are reminded that HELEN FAUCHT, who subsequently became Lady MARTIN, made her first footing on the stage under MACREADY's management. On February 15, 1838, she played Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*. Sir THEODORE bitterly comments on the morbid egotism of MACREADY who took all credit to himself, "as if the Pauline of the young actress to whom the first success of the play and its ultimate hold on the stage were mainly due had been of no account." The article on STOCKMAR is notable for quotation of what, as far as I remember, is the worst line purporting to be verse ever written by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN's predecessors on the pathway of Parnassus. In a poetic epistle addressed to STOCKMAR he is hailed as

"Friend, round whose dim eyes hypochondria's snakefolds so closely
Coil, that thy spirit is vexed dreaming of blindness to be."

STOCKMAR did not long survive this.

Readers of Mr. BELLOC's *Path to Rome* will remember that, whenever the author came to a dull bit of road, he used to tell them a little story—in order to keep them interested until the scenery brightened. Mr. D. C. CALTHROP takes up the idea in his latest book, *King Peter* (DUCKWORTH & CO.).

The story opens with *Peter's* birth, the idea having occurred to Mr. CALTHROP to give a chapter to each year of his life. Now a hero cannot have many adventures until he is of an age to wield a sword or fall in love; accordingly people tell *Peter* stories while he grows up. In this way the fourth and fifth, the ninth and twelfth years are past. Very pleasant stories they are too; in *Peter's* kingdom, from the highest to the lowest, they knew how to tell a tale. *Peter's* own adventures, when he comes to them, are conceived in the right romantic spirit. I need only mention that he would walk with the "seneschal" in a "houppelande," for you to see the sort of fellow he was. (Much magic in the word *seneschal*.) Altogether this is a delightful book.

The Enemy in our Midst dilates
On our peril from strangers within our gates,
And the author, Mr. WALTER WOOD,
Rubs it in—for his country's good.
He sees, with lurid prophetic eyes,
London teeming with German spies,
Ready to mass at a word, and hand
Britain forthwith to the Fatherland.
The word is given, the aliens drill,
Guns are planted on Primrose Hill,
And London awakens in blank dismay
To find there's the very deuce to pay.
But, though he gives it his country hot,
Mr. Wood is a patriot;
He's not the man to permit the foe
To get the best of it; Heavens, no!
The fleet arrives, and it's three times three
For the Union Jack and the King's Navee:
And feats of strategy (somewhat loose
In the matter of detail) pay the deuce.
N.B.—There's some love to relieve the killings.
LONG is the publisher; price, six shillings.

For downright pleasantness—a fresh, simple charm and youthful enthusiasm—I recommend *The Traveller's Joy*, by ERNEST FREDERIC PIERCE. Never has Mr. ARROWSMITH's symbol of a small Cupid forging the heads of his deadly missiles, which is placed on the title-page of all the books issued from the Bristol Press, appeared with more appropriateness; for *The Traveller's Joy* is a love-story in the old-fashioned sense of the term, and I have never read a better. One is in the happiest company all the time—as one should be in an inn so named. May it be mine some day to find a shelter there too, and some of Mr. PIERCE's pretty people under the same roof!